A

POLITICAL PSALM,

FOR THE SERVICE OF THE YEAR

1785.

Addreſſed to the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND:

DEDICATED TO

Her Grace the DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE,

PRINCIPALLY INTENDED FOR THE EDIFICATION OF

The GROCERS, and the RETAILERS of TEA.

PROPER

To be read in all Houſes and Families, throughout the Iſland of Great-Britain,

DURING THE CONTINUANCE OF THE PRESENT MINISTERS.

By QUICQUID, PRÆCIPIES, ESTO BREVIS, Esq.

His Predilection for the Directors declareth the Miniſter; and his Love of the Company, ſheweth his handy Work.—vide 19th Pſalm

---

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AND

By his Appointment, by MR. RIDGEWAY, oppoſite Sackville-ſtreet, Piccadilly.

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USEUM
BRITANNICUM

TO

Her Grace the Ducheſs of Devonſhire:

MADAM,

THE Liberty I have taken, in dedicating the following *Trifle* to your Grace, without your Approbation, or even your Knowledge, is an Offence of ſuch a Nature, as will hardly admit of Apology or Excuſe.——A Redundancy of Apologies after the Offence is committed, would rather tend to aggravate, than to leſſen the Fault; I ſhould hold myſelf therefore, highly inexcuſable, and very undeſerving your Grace's Forgiveneſs, if I tired you with a number of Excuſes, as unneceſſary as they would be ill-timed, and out of Seaſon.

The very ſmall ſhare of Merit the few light Pages (dedicated to your Grace) poſſeſs, hath rendered an Application to a *great*

 Character,

Character, extremely, if not abſolutely neceſſary. Perhaps it is the only Claim the following *Bagatelle* hath to a tolerable Reception! Convinced of this! whither could I look? to whom proſtrate myſelf! or from whom implore Protection! but from that *Patroneſs*, who cannot with too much Juſtice, be called the *Protectreſs* of Weſtminſter.—Juſtly might your Grace be appellated the *Protectreſs!* you were the *Saviour* of the City of Weſtminſter and its *Liberty* alſo.—With infinite Pleaſure muſt it be remembered, that you prevented numbers of worthy and well-meaning *Citizens*, from *ſetting their Seal* to an Act, which would have given them Cauſe of a long Repentance indeed! By a timely, as it were a prophetic, or inſpired Interpoſition, you reſcued them, at the laſt Moment, from the Brink of Ruin! Let me add, you wreſted them out of the Hands of the ſtrongeſt, as well as the moſt dangerous Combination this Country ever knew.——To whom could I look? it admitted not of a Thought! Your Grace's more than amiable Character, decided in a Moment all Deliberation, and without Heſitation I became preſumptuous!

The

The Style I have choſen, and the Mode of Expreſſion I have adopted, will be perhaps objected to by ſome! others leſs charitable, and more ſevere, will accuſe me, at leaſt, of Irreligion, if not of Profanity.—An Accuſation of this ſort, in the preſent Inſtance, would be unkind, if not unjuſt.—Few hold the *ſacred Writings* in higher Veneration than the Author of the following *Verſes*. It is to theſe *incomparable Writings* I am indebted for my *Style!* The great deal of *Matter* I have compreſſed into a ſmall *Compaſs*, would be a *Subject* ſufficient to ſwell out Volumes! To theſe *Writings* I owe my *Brevity!* To *them*, the ſimplicity of my *Style!*—The *pompous* I affect not! The *plain* and *intelligible* I thought more calculated, and better adapted to my preſent Purpoſe, than *any* I could chuſe; no Matter how it might excel in the *dark* or *incomprehenſible*.

I have thought the above Declaration the more neceſſary, as knowing your Grace not only to poſſeſs, but to be in the Practice of every Chriſtian and Religious *Virtue*. Were I guilty of the Fault above ſuggeſted, I could have ſmall Pretenſions to the Sanction and to the Protection of your Grace's Name!—I hold myſelf accountable to the Public! in whoſe Opinion, next to

your

your Grace's, I hope to ſtand acquitted of any Intention of turning *holy Writ* into Ridicule, or even to treat a *Thing* ſo *ſerious*, with the ſmalleſt Degree of *Wantonneſs* or *Levity*.

It might alſo be neceſſary to ſay ſomething in defence of my *Politics!* I ſhall not ſay much upon that *Head!* My *little Book*, I apprehend, ſpeaks, in Language reaſonably intelligible, my Reaſons for throwing a few Thoughts into the preſent Form. I cannot, however, diſmiſs this Subject without ſaying, that I have, with ſome Indignation, ſeen the unparallelled *Perſecution* with which *Mr. Fox* hath been long perſecuted! As ſingular in its Proceſs, as it is oppreſſive in its Conſequences! The Advantages taken of the Infatuation of the Moment! To what lengths their ſurreptitious *Conqueſt* was puſhed! To what *baſe Purpoſes* the miſplaced Confidence of the People was applied, and what Ends to anſwer! I freely confeſs I never before lamented ſo much the want of Ability, as I have deplored it upon the preſent Occaſion.

I ſhall entreat to trouble your Grace with a Word more, and I am done! I almoſt preſume, the *Acts* hinted above would

be

be ſufficient to call forth the Reſentment of a Man, the moſt patient and the leaſt reſentive! What Man of the leaſt Feeling! What Man who poſſeſſes the ſmalleſt Spark of Compaſſion or Humanity, can hold his Peace! Who can ſit ſilent! Who can refrain from ſhedding a *ſimpathetic Tear*, when he ſees a *great*, and a moſt reſpectable *Body* of Subjects! a Number (do I ſay a Number?) a Multitude of the moſt induſtrious, as well as reputable Tradeſmen, in one Moment threatened with abſolute! with unavoidable *Ruin* and *Deſtruction!* Themſelves ſent forth as *Wanderers* into a *ſtrange Land!* Their Families and their Children menaced with the lack of Meat! Who can behold ſuch a melancholy Proſpect? Will Humanity not ſhrink? Who can hear them repeated, and be unmoved? But ſuch are the fatal Conſequences of the People's Deluſion! and ſuch the ſad Effects of *ſmooth-faced* Politics.

Having now, Madam, far tranſgreſſed the Bounds, which I firſt preſcribed myſelf in a ſhort Dedication, I ſee the immediate Neceſſity of laying down my Pen altogether. Such is the Subject, that were I to indulge the *cacoetes ſcribendi*, with which I feel myſelf affected at this Inſtant, and did not much

more

more highly eſteem and prefer your Grace's Amuſement, and your Grace's Entertainment, to every ſelfiſh Conſideration of my own, this Dedication would far (indeed very far) exceed the ſize of my *little Pamphlet*. If therefore, what I have ſaid in Apology, can make even a ſmall Atonement for an almoſt impardonable Liberty, my utmoſt Wiſhes will be anſwered, and my higheſt Expectations gratified.

Under your Grace's Forgiveneſs, and under the Sanction of your Grace's Name, I can, with ſome Confidence of being favourably received, throw myſelf upon the Indulgence of an impartial Public.

With the higheſt Senſe of your Grace's great and invaluable Worth, and with all proper and profound Reſpect, I have the Honor to be

Your GRACE's

Moſt humble, moſt obedient,

And moſt devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

A

POLITICAL PSALM,

FOR THE SERVICE OF THE YEAR

1785.

Why do the Heathen rage, and the People imagine a vain Thing?---Pſalm ii.

I.

WHY did *conſpirators* ſo treacherouſly plod? and the people countenance an *ill thing?*

2. Verily becauſe the *unrighteous* had not the love of the *country* before their eyes, and be-

cauſe a *ſlender Young Man* darkened the people's underſtanding.

3. The *wicked* ſet themſelves, and thoſe who would be *Rulers* took counſel together: againſt the *people*, and againſt the *Man* whom they had *choſen*.

4. An *unſeemly man* committed a very *unſeemly thing*: an Earl aſcended by the *back ſtairs*; yea, and greatly perverted a good *King*.

5. A deadly poiſon was inſtilled into the ear of our *gracious Monarch*: and many evil things were brought about through----*ſecret influence*: able *miniſters* gave place unto *children*: a *boy*, a very *boy* was choſen for our *Ruler*.

6. Much wickedneſs thereupon enſued thro' *evil counſellors*; yea, and a great folly was wrought in *England*: *Addreſſes* from Parliament

were

were *held* in ſmall eſtimation; verily, and treated as *light things*.

7. Moreover, the *ſolemn aſſembly* of the people was *wantonly* diſſolved; yea, the *Weſtminſter Scrutiny* was granted.

8. Who can gain ſay! that the *Election* for Weſtminſter would have been ſooner decided in the *Commons*; yea, more eaſily ſettled in the *tribunal* of the people?

9. None verily!----But the *Man of our People* would have been too ſpeedily *ſeated*: and the *fate* of *poor Cecil* much too ſoon known!

10. Shame now almoſt overwhelmeth the *Knight* with *grimneſs*: but, an *unfortunate countenance* ſcarcely permitted him to *bluſh*.

11. Greatly diſtreſſed am I for *thee* my *Brother Jonathan*: already had you been well nigh

worn out by an *Election*: but the *Scrutiny*, yea, this *Scrutiny* hath done you up.

12. But, why to ſo little *purpoſe* hath the *Scrutiny* been long *continued*; and the *Man of our Choice* ſo greatly *harraſſed?*

13. Know ye not, *ye ſimple ones*, that the *Treaſury* is fooliſhly blended with the *Exchequer!* yea, that the *Bank of England* ſtandeth nigh unto *Cornhill.*

14. The people ſinned a ſin: verily they ſinned a *great ſin:* behold! they humble themſelves in *ſackcloth*; yea, they go ſorrowing all the day long.

15. They are wearied out with *groaning*, their eyes are conſumed through *downright* grief; they water their couches with their *tears:* for it greatly repenteth them of the *evil.*

16. But,

16. But, enter not into *reproaches* with the people, *O! Charles:* for even in their own ſight are they not *juſtified.*

17. Woe are they! the *devices* of the *ungodly* have prevailed! wretched men that they are! Your *India Bill* was loſt unto this nation.

18. The *Directors of Iniquity* compounded for a *Bill!*----they did indeed!----they compounded for a *New Bill!* Good Lord deliver us!----the *Chancellor* was blinded with *Pagodas.*

19. The people were *ſold* at a *price:* yea, and many were conſenting unto their own *bondage!*----Verily they were ſold at a *price*;---aye!---and were *purchaſed* again with their own *money.*

20. Should *loggerheads*, think ye, be veſted with power! *Unrighteouſneſs* is in all the *acts*, and

and much evil in the *ways* of the *Directors!* Do not the *people* know how unfit *mercenary men* are to bear *rule?*

21. Yet! a *Young Man* loaded them with his *favors:* and a *boy* granted them what their whole heart wiſhed.

22. Proclaim it not within the *gates* of your *city:* whiſper it not through the *ſtreets* of *Weſtminſter!*

23. Leaſt the *ſenſes* of the *people* too ſoon return; and the *ſtripling* fall from his *high ſtation!*

24. He ſaid in his heart, *tuſh!*—He ſpake it in the *Council* of the *Kingdom!* "What "avail, if we do ſmall things for the *Company!*"

25. Verily he added, "let the *Company* divide *Eight*, yea, *Eight per Cent* let them divide!"

divide!" — though he well knew that *Four* was more than they *deſerved!*

Tell it not among the *Dealers* in *Tea*; let it not come unto the knowledge of the *Grocers*,* leaſt they hurl their *weights and ſcales* at thoſe *leaden-headed Vipers*, and aſſault the *young Man* with *pound Caniſters.*

27. How the *Dealers* were deceived at the *ſales*; and how great *advantages* were taken with *Old Teas!*

28. How *Mundungus* was ſold much above its value; and how theſe *Sons of Belial* are *retailing* their *new ſtock!*

29. How

* They made Mr. P—t free of their Company. A moſt grateful *Retaliation!* O *Ingratitude*, where is thy *Sting?* O P—t is this thy *Victory?*

29. How many families are threatened with *ruin?* and how many children are likely to want *bread?*

30. Spread not thoſe woeful tidings among the *people*, leaſt the weight of their *ſorrows* bear them down!

31. The people have ſinned! but let us not add to their *affliction!* They know they have ſinned!—for, the *Grocers* riſe up in *judgement* againſt them!

32. Declare it not in the *Congregation*; breathe it not even one to another! what *darkneſs* and *obſcurity* on that day *overſhadowed* the *land*; when the *light of heaven* was *excluded!*

33. Preach it not in your *Synagogues!* how *cold* it would have been upon that *night*, in the which an infamous *coal-tax* had paſſed?

34. Im-

34. Impute not theſe *crimes* unto the *Directors*; nor charge the *Young Chancellor* with folly: He is wiſe unto a *miracle*; yea, and *chaſte* even to a *proverb.*

35. For, although he is very converſant in the *wilineſs* of *Men*; yet approacheth he never the *ſofas* of *light Women*: yea, *chaſtity* itſelf! he never rubbeth *toes* with the *wanton.*

36. *Poor ſouls!* their *Linnens* verily he taxed with a *tax*; yea, their *callicoes* and *cottons* with a *great tax!*

37. Therefore! reproach ye not your *Miniſter* with vanity; for ye know he delighteth not in *vain things*: the frippery of *gauze* eſcaped not his *diſcernment*; nor did *ſoufflets*,* and *ribbons* go *unpuniſhed!*

* A ſpecies of Gauze ſo called!

38. The *Lad*; --- verily is a *ſweet Youth!*--- call him *ſeriouſly* a promiſing *Young Man*; whoſe *feelings* are exceeding fine; yea, whoſe *naſals* are exquiſitely nice!

39. For although!---the *diſtreſſes* of the *poor diſtreſs* him not!----yet! he ſmelleth a *Member* at a good diſtance, and ſnuffeth a *Borough* afar off.

40. O! and he is a *pious Youth*!-----for he regardeth a *Member* who commandeth *Nine Boroughs* *!---yea, even as much as he reſpecteth him who hath but one!

41. Liſten unto me, therefore, ye people; and give ſtrict attention unto the voice of my mouth.

42. The

* The number of Boroughs under the Controul of the E—l of L—le, late S-r I—s L—r. Are not nine Boroughs a very neceſſary Qualification for a Title?

42. The Earl of Lonſdale grew *ſick* of *Sir James Lowther*: yea, and the Marquis of Lanſdown quite ſurfeited of *Lord Shelburne!*

43. Thus! doth your *young Chancellor* laviſh away *honors* at his will, and *titles*, when it ſeemeth him meet.

44. For though! his own *likeneſs*, he greatly multiplieth not: yet uſeful verily is he in *creation*:---true!---he is ſparing in his *Marquiſates*; ---but who, can upbraid him with *Viſcounts* and *Earls?*

45. If Parliamentary Intereſt he affecteth! you may have *Earls* meted out by the *peck*: yea, *Viſcounts* and *Barons* by the *buſhel.*

46. Thus were the *people* ſold unto the *Philiſtines*: and delivered into *captivity* by their *Young Favourite!*

 47. Their

47. Their *idol!*---was dazzled with a diamond; yea, the *Head* of the *Treaſury* with a *huge diamond.*

48. The *Queen's Majeſty* was comforted with a *bed*, even with a *ſtate-bed!* Could the *Queen's Majeſty* refuſe ſuch a *little boon*---unto her *young minſtrel?*

49. But his *miniſtry* draweth to an end: the *Rat-catcher* ſhall be taken in his own *traps:* yea, whilſt thou mighteſt pronounce---*Jack Robiſon**.

50. Be joyful therefore in Mr. Fox, ye *oppreſſed:* and ye who with taxes are *heavy laden:* give great thanks unto *the Man of the People:* ſupport him with all your *might:* and you'll ſoon ſee an end put unto your *thraldom.*

51. Great cauſe have ye to be thankful, yea, and to ſpeak much good of his name! When

* Sirnamed the Rat-catcher!

When turned he his back upon your *enemies?* when did he deſert the *people's cauſe?*

52. But the *Directors* compaſſed him about like *Bulls*; yea, like *ſtrong Bulls of Baſan* did they beſet him round!

53. Great enemies have ye been unto this *land*, ye *Directors*: a multitude of *Tea-Men* teſtify againſt you!

54. Take great heed therefore unto your *ways*; for evil cometh at your heels: Mr. Fox ſhall ſpeak to you in his wrath, and vex you at his own good pleaſure!

55. Lo! the people were diſcomfitted, but they are not caſt down; in *the Man of their Choice* do they ſtill put their truſt!

56. He is mighty in *deeds*; yea, and he is mighty in *words*: it greatly rejoiceth them that he is *right valiant*.

57. It

57. It grieved his ſpirit to ſee the *deſolation* of the *people*: had they known their own *Intereſt*, theſe *calamities* could not have happened.

58. Look ye then to your places, *ye Miniſters*; but be comforted *ye people*: *The Man* whom ye have *choſen*, will break their *bands* in ſunder, and caſt away the *cords* wherewith ye have been *bound*.

59. When he uttereth his *voice*, he maketh the *Houſe* ſilent: the *feeble Knees* on the *Treaſury Bench* knock together; he cauſeth the *Young Man* to quaver like an *aſpin leaf*.

60. As for you, *ye Directors*, you may conſole yourſelves for a ſeaſon; but verily your time cometh.

61. When he ſetteth his mind upon a *thing*; there is none like unto him in the whole nation.

62. *War-*

62. *Warren Haſtings* ſhall quake through very fear: *Mrs. Haſtings* herſelf will not be unmoved: yea, the whole *herd* of *Nabobs* ſhall tremble.

63. For! as it rejoiceth *ſwine* to wallow in the mire; ſo delighteth it them to tumble in their *riches*.

64. But a day of *reckoning* is at hand, when *Nabobs* ſhall give an account of *deeds* done in *India!* With *horror* ſhall they be ſtruck dumb; yea, mute as fiſhes: *Major Magpye* no more ſhall be heard to *chatter*.

65. Verily, the time is not afar off, when the *dark councils* of the *Directors* ſhall be brought to *Light*; and the wicked ways of the *Company* be made *known*.

66. When

66. When *St. Stephens* ſhall be thoroughly purged of *Eaſtern Locuſts*: and the *Commons Houſe of Parliament* of *Indian Vermin.*

67. When the *Man of the People* ſhall be ſet over us:—When rapine and plunder ſhall be driven far from our *borders*; and no more innocent blood ſhall be ſhed in *Hindoſtan!*

Glory be to thee *Charley*, to thee *North*, and unto thee *Portland:* as it was in the time of the *Old India Bill*, will ſoon be again, when this *Miniſtry* ſhall be no more, for ever and ever—*Amen.*

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

FINIS.